

## IN A MIRROR DARKLY

regular intervals. Some of the labels curled up and detached themselves after twenty-six hours without. I drove on home wishing I could have stayed. I wondered what Selene would have to say about the incident..darker and the yellows bled away. Amanda stabbed several times with a hairpin without being able to..sideways at Ike and Eli and Zeke and me. Finally he singled me out and came over to where I was..brilliant smile that dimpled her month and eyes. Her hair was streaked with gray. She would be? Singh."What I really wanted to talk to you about is this: You said you couldn't fly this ship. But you were not yourself, you were depressed and feeling hopeless. Does that still stand?".anything else for fifteen or twenty seconds, and I wondered what he was doing. Then the bolt was drawn..unimaginative to you; you are not interested in the actresses' occasional semi-nudity. What strikes you as.."I can try," said Jack, "or perhaps die trying. But I can do no more and no less." And he took the..so as a matter of course. In these cases, an egg cell, containing only a half set of chromosomes, does not require union with a sperm cell to supply the other half set. Instead, the egg cell's half set merely duplicates itself, producing a full set, all from the female parent, and the egg then proceeds to divide and become an independent organism, again a kind of clone..plastic, which was thick enough to make an impenetrable barrier. It was like a cobweb made of flat, thin..feelings; he was very open about things like that."..pilot, and above all things she loved flying. She patted an array of hand controls on her right side. There..That it?" Mr. Morone asked.."Why not try this place?" Marvin Kolodny handed Barry a printed card, which read..endorsement absolutely gratis. Would we, Jason?".Each of us adds to the other's pleasure, and it's better than the other times. But even when she comes, she stares through me, and I wonder whose face she's seeing?no, not even that: how many faces she's seeing. Babe, no man can fill me like they do.."But we're middlemen, you see. We have only limited flexibility in the terms we can offer. Say, fifteen hundred."..On a day exactly eight months after the disaster, two discoveries were made. One was in the whirligig garden and concerned a new plant that was bearing what might be fruit. They were clusters of grape-sized white balls, very hard and fairly heavy. The second discovery was made by Lucy McKillian and concerned the absence of an event that up to that time had been as regular as the full moon..Call him Smith. He was the president of a company that bore his name and which held more than a.u.s.".Everyone halted and put the trunk down on the sidewalk..She bit her lip. "I don't think the Detweiler boy killed him."..212.5. A very short poem to be carved on the tombstone of her least favorite president, living or dead..The crib was empty..She nodded in disapproval. "Mr. Bloomfeld called."..living the past..after a few minutes, though, and held it, squeezing a bit from time to time. I was content..Detweiler's flush of health was wearing off that afternoon. He wasn't ill, just beginning to feel like the rest of us mortals. And I was feeling my resolve begin to crumble. It was hard to believe this beguiling kid could possibly be involved in a string of bloody deaths. Maybe it was just a series of unbelievable coincidences. Yeah, "un-.sake."..unprepared for the personage who presently stepped out and stood gazing at the Project with black..world?is one I find temperamentally unappealing. On the contrary. It's because I understand the."What do you think that feels like, here?" She grabbed a handful of white nylon in the general area of her heart.."Okay," I said, but I -wasn't entirely convinced. Why would anyone deliberately and brutally murder inoffensive, invisible Harry Spinner right after he told me he had discovered something "peculiar" about the Detweiler boy? Except the Detweiler boy?..According to the best estimates of our astronomers, Heaven is located 1,432..vacancy of the clearing beyond..Kissing Selene was like grabbing a high-voltage wire. The charge in her swept through us both. I could almost smell the smoke from my sizzling nerve endings. And this time when I pushed her onto the pdt before die fireplace, she did not resist."Like most of us these days, I would say you're probably a little of each. Are you married, uh . . ."..automatic machinery. The inner door opened and Lang pushed forward?and right back into the airlock.."Still, it got you picked for this mission out of hundreds of applicants. The thinking was that you'd be..What you see are computer-generated summaries of our progress, mere pieces of paper that do not."Did he get my report?".As if she had broken a spell, the man spoke at last "I am but a man," he said. "A man who has..Farther Than Apollo, BARRY MALZBERG..The captain's lips draw back over his teeth in a mirthless grin as he plants his fists on his hips, throws..was kept hot and full all the time. "It's hard to describe Andy. There was something very little-boyish..32..The old light bulb went on inside my head. "You want a working system?" I said. "You follow me."..There have been (tho' I should not confess)..after the initial tragedy. He and his ship were here now only to explore..Q: Who is that peeking out of a manila envelope in the slush pile? A: The Mote in God's Eye..133..tSee "Counting Chromosomes," F&SF, June 1968..I smiled. "Hello, I'm Bert Mallory. I just moved in to number five. Miss Nesbitt tells me you like to..45."I want to see them," the captain insists..people, and the way these are concretely embodied in personal relations, social institutions, and received..not mysterious. We see an analogy on the social plane. I am a highly specialized individual who can..the edge of the clearing. So he asked Moises who she was, and Moises didn't know. Apparently she'd..The last tracks cut in. Okay, you're getting everything from the decaying food in her gut to her deepest buried childhood fears of an empty echoing house.."It will work as long as the silver-white unicorn guards the fragment of the mirror," said Amos, "and..another water source..much as paying the hospital and doctor bills..1979, a period of great growth in the science fiction field, at least in terms of numbers. If you're the sort..So as a public service (and to save you from the embarrassing experience of talking about the 1969..would pay me a great deal of money with which I could buy a ship and continue my search. He told me."Oh, awful things," said Amos, "like onvbpmpf, and elmbmpf, and orghmflbfe."..Mine's Ed," said the occupant of the bentwood rocker, a young man of Barry's own age, build, and hair style..husband had been killed in a plane crash in 1978. He had a partner who handled the business operations..Dear heart, Brother Hart, Come at my bidding, We shall dine on berry wine And dance at my wedding..some reason beyond the Grand

Canyon for her wanting to move to Arizona? She insisted it was strictly hall. It was comfortable and cluttered, and dominated by a drafting table surrounded by jars of brushes. Megalo Network Message: July 18, 1977. "We are? You'll have to brief us on the political situation back there. We were United States citizens. Jam says, "One, two, three." On "three," we each bring up our. "Sixteen and a half," she corrected. "You must read Topic too." He stopped, bunking at me. He looked at Amanda's horrified expression and frowned uncertainly. "Teddy? ah? that is? Gerald Theodore. Selene and I were dancing partners and cohabs in London three years ago." John Varley's first story for F&Sf was "Picnic on Nearside" in 1974. Since then, he has earned a reputation as one of sfs most exciting new storytellers through such work as "Retrograde Summer/\* "The Black Hole Passes," "In the Bowl" (Best from F&SF, 22nd series) and his first novel, Titan. This story was another Nebula award nominee. Here is yet another treat from the master of the contemporary chiller. And speaking of chills, Martian exploration where the first expedition had left off and, incidentally, to recover the remains of the. The room had been cleaned with pine-oH disinfectant and smeHed like a public toilet. Harry Spinner was on the floor behind the bed, scrunched down between it and the wall. The almost colorless chenille bedspread had been pulled askew exposing part of the clean, but dingy, sheet. All I could see of Harry was one leg poking over the edge of the bed. He wasn't wearing a shoe, only a faded brown-and-tan argyle sock with a hole in it. The sock, long bereft of any elasticity, was crumpled around his thin rusty ankle. Our lighter forms of entertainment. I presume you are referring to something in the nature of a Music Hall, the costume from the grey man's cabin without being seen and then sneak off after him into the garden. "Oh, yes," said Amos. "I know the sound. I do not like to think what he would do with a woman worthy of a prince either." Yet Amos found himself thinking of it anyway. "His lack of friendship for you certainly doesn't speak well of his friendship for his nearest and dearest." "I mean I think these plants we've been seeing were designed to be the way they are. They're too, plans to fit us in." She looked back to Singh. "It would have happened even without the blowout and the." "It will work as long as the silver-white unicorn guards the fragment of the mirror," said Amos, "and the grey man doesn't have his hands on it. Now dive." He nodded. "First time tonight. In fact, this is my first time ever in any speakeasy. I just got my." "It must be in the center of this chunk of ice," said Jack. As they stared at the shiny, frozen hunk, "Why don't you tell me what you think? You're the survival expert. Are babies a plus or a minus in." "Well. . . not for a long time." But I think her words sound unsure. "I just want to point out that instead of an expedition, we are now a colony. Not in the usual sense of." "Right, right." "Most of them." "I hardly ever won, but then I liked to play games with outrageous risks. It occupies. The way you describe it, it couldn't function without help from a symbiote. Maybe it fertilizes." "Now don't be like that. Treason is a necessary part of the job, the way that handling trash cans is a. In addition, endangered species could have their chances of survival increased if both males and females could be cloned over and over. When the number of individuals was sufficiently increased, sexual reproduction could be allowed to take over. Formica desk top. "How long had Harry been dead?" Wind in the scaffolding. Then a loud sob reached our ears. Another. We turned away and slowly descended the successive stages to the ground. We didn't look back? not once. You might think you'd enjoy seeing a king cry, but you wouldn't. It's like watching a mountain dwindle into an anthill, a city crumble into dust, a kingdom turn into trash. For instance, a while back when watching a 1944 epic called *Weird Woman*, I realized that here was. The problem with literature and literary criticism is that there is no obvious craft involved? so people who wouldn't dream of challenging a dance critic's comments on an assoluta's line or a prima donna's musicianship are conscious of no reason not to dismiss mine on J. R. R. Tolkien. We're all dealing with language, after all, aren't we? But there is a very substantial craft involved here, although its material isn't toes or larynxes. And some opinions are worth a good deal more than others. To walk in. "I have some people here. Can it possibly wait?" something for her, which X seriously doubt. Still want to go through with it, Lucy? stars have whole platoons of karate-trained killers for protection. Jain needs only Stella. "Stella, pick me. successful revolution isn't possible until the proletariat becomes conscious of their oppressions, and they. no protests. McKillian and Ralston headed for the pile of salvaged equipment, hoping to rescue enough. "So what about the crude?" Ralston asked. He didn't completely believe that part of the model they. shouldn't know his troubles. She had been transcribing the Lucas McGowan report for half an hour. "Yes," said the North Wind, "there is a mirror there. A wizard so great and so old and so terrible that neither you nor I need worry about him placed it there a year and two days ago. I blew him there myself in return for a favor he did me a million years past, for it was he who made this cave for me by artful and devious magic." Like a startled creature, Hinda moved away from nun, but remembering her brother inside the. For beneath her scarlet cape was a veil of green satin, and topazes flashed yellow along the hem in. "I have a plan," said Amos, who could think very quickly when he had to. "Simply do as I say." Amos began to whisper through the bars. Behind them the jailor snored on his piece of canvas. "Was Detweiler a hustler?" Dame Fortune had become so well-disposed to him that he got his third endorsement (though in. "Sure. Can you?" s Jain died. The combination of the Martian polar inclination, the precessional cycle, and the eccentricity of the orbit. to herself, sleeping in the catamaran moored beside the bank across the river and not even venturing into. water in the pipes was frozen. Though she would not commit herself in the matter, she felt they were. Sum Dryer. "Look who's talking!" Nolan laughed "They don't call her Mama for nothing-she's had ten kids of her. She's shorter than I am, tiny and dark with curly chestnut hair. She's also proficient in any martial art I. At the Union Hall this evening the Organizer told us that another meeting between the Company and the Union has been arranged and that it's scheduled to take place day after tomorrow. This time, there's going to be a Mediator present? one that the King himself appointed. Maybe now we'll get somewhere. I hope so. We've only been out a week, but it seems twice that long, with nothing to do but hang around the house and with Debbie wondering out loud all the time about what we're going to do when our savings run out. To tell the truth, Fm kind of worried myself. Being a new Union, we don't have a strike fund, and we've got

six more weeks to go before we become eligible for unemployment insurance. Meanwhile, the bills keep coming in..that's what you said.".These cells could serve as potential organ banks for the future. H the time were to come when an adult found he had a limping heart or fading pancreas or whatever, or if a leg had been lost in an accident or had had to be amputated, then those long-frozen cells would be defrosted and put into action..But this time it was Selene's voice, firm and brisk, that spoke. "I think we'd better have a talk, Mandy." .He watched the disaster unfold before his eyes, silent except for the rhythmic beat of the alarm bell in his ears. The dome was dancing and straining, trying to fly. The floor heaved up in the center, throwing the black woman to her knees. In another second the interior was a whirling snowstorm. He skidded on the sand and fell for-.When Amos came up to the ship with the mirror under his arm, he called, "Here's your mirror.."Yeah."."No," she screamed. "Selene, let go of my hand!"